HART, SCHAFFNER AND MARX SUITS
—Advance Spring Showing—
THE DIAMOND CLOTHING CO., LTD.
C. Benjamin, Manager.
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CALGARY EYE OPENER

SOCIETY BRAND SUITS
—Advance Spring Showing—
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[illegible] EIGHTH AVE. EAST

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Eye Openers

R. C. EDWARDS
Editor and Proprietor

Subscription $1.00 per year

Correspondent are requested to address us to P.O. Box 2090, Calgary.

Phone M 1730

Stop! Look!! Listen!!

A grand Masquerade Ball, under the auspices of the G.W.V.A., will be held at Al Hazaar Temple next Tuesday, February 11. Valuable prizes will be awarded for different costumes. Veterans' Orchestra in attendance. The entire proceeds go to the G.W.V.A.

* * *

This has been a wonderfully mild winter, the elements tempering the wind to the shorn consumer.

* * *

How to save a $5 bill this week—change it into thrift stamps.

* * *

A recruiting officer in Germany determined that no prospective soldier should elude him. One man said he was too old, but the officer replied: "Von Hindenburg is 72 and he's in. Get a gun."

Another man with one arm came up to claim exemption and the officer said: "The kaiser's in. Get a gun."

Finally a woman brought her half witted son, and the officer said:

"No matter, the crown prince is in. Get a gun."

* * *

The Moral and Social League of Alberta, alias the Drys, meet at Paget Hall next week for their annual celebration of victory. No, that's wrong. We take it back. The Drys may win a victory but they cannot celebrate it. Their kind of victory destroys the means of celebration.

* * *

Anti-prohibitionists ought to take some consolation from the fact that three-fourths of the earth's surface is wet.

* * *

A baby was recently born to a certain minister. That evening the officers of the church waited on his wife with $50 cash. The next morning when the congregation assembled, two wags stood at the church door, one bet the minister would thank the Lord for the money first, the other he would thank him for the baby first. When the reverend gentlemen arose to pray he said: "Lord we desire to thank thee for this timely succor." The boys are as yet undecided as to which is the winner.

* * *

The Rheims cellars are said to contain 70,000,000 bottles of champagne. This should be a good town for Wesley Rowell to create a disturbance in.

* * *

The hotel keepers of Calgary used to make considerable money with their bar trade and certainly raked in the dough, and certain druggists in the city seem to be keeping up the good work. [illegible] drugstore across the street from the Palliser hotel, so small that one can hardly turn around in it, that sold 910 bottles of whiskey last month on doctor's prescriptions. If this isn't saloon-keeping, what is?

* * *

Supposing the druggist made a couple of dollars on each bottle because it would be legal for him to sell up to 24 ounces, though we understand it is shortly to be limited to 8 ounces—there is a clear killing of nearly $2,000 a month on one article alone! There is nothing illegal about this druggist's roaring trade in whiskey. He complies with the law absolutely, and we only mention this case by way of showing how the prohibition Act works out and how the procuring of booze is simply a matter of having the price to pay the combined demands of two bartenders instead of one.

* * *

Considering the cases of whiskey disposed of by Magistrate Davidson during his incumbency of the bench, it is surprising that he is alive to tell the tale.

* * *

Why not a permanent Soldiers' Council at Ottawa, composed exclusively of privates and non-coms? There are many soldier grievances cropping up every day which the military and Government authorities cannot handle intelligently, owing to both lack of sympathy and lack of understanding. Such a council, if made up of trusted representatives of the various Great War Associations, might solve many a trouble. This is merely a suggestion, but it is becoming more obvious to us every day that returned soldiers should be given the opportunity to remedy their just grievances through the medium of a Council of their own selection, paid by the Government and located in the same city where Dominion authority holds sway. Adjusting difficulties by correspondence and wire, is no good.

* * *

John Barleycorn, chained to the tail of the water wagon, recalls the triumphs of the Roman conquerors. But of course we cannot call the dry chieftains "booze fighters."

There has been too great a tendency in recent years among certain restless persons, calling themselves Canadians and of doubtful reputations at home, to get into British Politics. They profess to have a special knowledge of Canadian public opinion and invariably pose as stalwarts of Imperialism. If possessed of oodles of money, as is usually the case, this pose secures them a title in no time. And then, from afar, they look down on us poor boobs.

* * *

The sample-Canadians who have horned their way into the British Parliament and English society give many old country folk the impression that Canadian public men are mainly company promoters or self-seeking politicians, interested in getting something for nothing. It must have greatly upset the plans of some of these chaps when the Canadian House of Commons last session went on record against the traffic in titles and petitioned the King to confer no more hereditary titles on residents of Canada.

* * *

Some of these rich guys over in London who are constantly swanking around as "statesmen from Canada," should be suppressed by an Order-in-Council. What ever must they think of us when Sir Clifford Sifton and Beaverbrook are pointed out and held up as shining examples of what Canada can produce in the way of individual success? First thing we know the king will be asking the American Ambassador why he doesn't keep better pace with Canada and send for Jesse James and some member of the Dalton Gang.

* * *

And yet viewing this migratory custom from another angle, one can hardly blame rich Canadians for winding up in London. It is the only city in the world, after all, that a true Britisher ever hankers for. Ask any of the returned Canadian officers where they would prefer to live and they'll all shout "London!" But, dear Christian friends, London is no better than other cities in this one all-important respect, that it takes money to live there. With an empty purse, Leicester Square is but a whited sepulchre and Picadilly a tinkling cymbal, or words to that effect.

* * *

We are quite aware that it is the correct thing for a small-burg man, on his return home from some post-real-estate-coup trip to London and Paris, to tell his fellow natives that "Pumpkin Centre is good enough for me;" but such an outrageous statement, if true, merely predicates that he was only good enough for Pumpkin Centre in the first place. There are lots of men who prefer to be big frogs in small puddles.

* * *

The way things are in Canada today, a man is simply crazy to live say in Calgary, Winnipeg or Toronto when he has enough money to live and enjoy himself in London. In the great metropolis of the world he not only can get his glass of beer and whiskey and soda, and Veuve Clicquot and old vintages of red wine, but his actions are in no danger of being hampered by any tiresome old Social Service League. He can even walk down the street without fear of being arrested for breaking a bylaw or infringing an Act of Parliament. This, of course, will appear incredible to many Canadians, but it is the truth nevertheless that the liberty of the subject [illegible] men, fat and otherwise.

* * *

The submissiveness of the majority of us Canadians to the myriad restraints imposed upon us by a militant minority, composed of reformers of diabolical activity, can only be accounted for by the passivity of our natures; the passivity being due to lack of money. Only a few of us have any money to speak of, and since our local success is dependent in a large measure on some outward show of spotless respectability in order to camouflage our latent deviltry, we keep backing up the reformers with every sign of sincerity. The recent Liberal Convention is a case in point.

* * *

Seven out of every ten men now wish they hadn't voted for prohibition. And you will find at the forthcoming session of the Dominion House of Commons, which contains more boozefighters to the square foot than any similar cubic area in the world, that over two-thirds of the members will vote in favor of Dominion-wide Prohibition. Did their votes go on record, it would be a different story.

* * *

Any oldtimer will tell you that Calgary was a much more attractive place of residence ten or fifteen or even twenty years ago than it is today. The same may be said of Edmonton or indeed almost any Canadian city. The reformers have got us reformed to a frazzle and there is no fun anymore. Men regard one another coldly and with suspicion. Old friendships have died out. In order to have a sociable time one has to risk the police court. The White House, the Mascot and the Bow Marsh have transferred their hilarities to obscure rooms in blocks. The hotel potentate has been supplanted by the bootlegger. Oh Lord! So many changes have taken place of recent years that the mere thought of it almost impels us to try one more souse, just for luck.

* * *

Were one of our departed oldtimers to break out of the Union Cemetery and walk down town, do you know what he would do? He would walk right back again and climb into the grave. Those old fellows never could stand for bunk.

* * *

Of course we have been speaking more particularly of men of our own type, to whom the accumulation of money does not appeal and who, it might be added, couldn't make money to any alarming extent even though they tried their damnedest. It has often occurred to us that the few men of money in Western Canada are not fitted temperamentally for the joyous London life such as we have in mind. Years of hard struggle have probably deadened their capacity for enjoyment of the finer amenities of English life and one can easily understand how frivolous must appear to them such far famed institutions as Romano's or Jimmy's. Boiled down, it comes to this, that those who wouldn't enjoy London have all the money; and those who would, have none. And there you are—or rather—we are!

* * *

But speaking of big cities, we should not care to live in a place like New York. They are far too rough there. If you don't believe it, read the following account of a hold-up that occurred in Gotham only the other day:

A tall man with excellent manners, and three assistants, held up the confectionery store of August Burke, at 658 Eleventh avenue recently. They took $80 in bills and about $20 in small change from the cash register, and departed after handing Burke his watch. Burke was [illegible] six o'clock when a tall man came in. He walked to the rear, where there are small tables, and as the proprietor started back to wait on the supposed customer, he heard the door open and three others entered.

"What will you have?" he asked the customer who stood by a table pulling off his gloves. As he spoke he felt something poked against his back and a gruff voice bade him not turn around.

"I guess I will have your hands up," said the first man, as though there had been no interruption.

Up went Burke's hands.

"Now, Andy, get busy," commanded the tall man, and Andy lost no time in getting to the cash register.

"My dear sir," said the leader, "I am very sorry, but times are hard and necessity drives."

When the register had been rifled and the proprietor's watch taken and returned, the tall man took the revolver and kept Burke with "eyes front" while while his pals went out and got into an automobile. Then as he was about to leave he said, "pardon me," and a soda water bottle came down on Burke's head.

When the victim came to, the thieves had departed. An ambulance surgeon dressed his wounds, and the police are trying to trace the robbers.

* * *

We wonder if one of our Calgary members, Tweedie or Redmond, will have the moral courage to get up in the Dominion House and ask the Minister of Militia to explain why our own Colonel George MacDonald is being superseded as Officer Commanding Calgary Military District by an officer from the East. Calgarians are feeling just a bit resentful over the slight about to be cast on one of their most respected military men.

* * *

Aha! Wot's this?

A delegation from the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada waited on the Dominion Government last Tuesday with a request that the manufacture of beer with alcoholic contents greater than two per cent be permitted.

A Voice from the Grave

SOCIETY NOTES

(Sorry, but our Society Editress was out to several "parties" this week at Elbow Park and is completely on the blink. She cannot stand much.)

* * *

Our returned soldiers may sometimes give the impression that they are a bit too quick and ready too get on the prod, but we have to hand it to them for insisting that at all public gatherings the King and the Flag receive their due meed of respect. The veterans are the only body who can put the kibosh on this disloyalty stuff.

* * *

The War Trophies Exhibition proved a splendid success in Calgary, and drew large and interested crowds from all over the southern part of the Province. Some exception was taken to the assessment of local merchants for sums to pay for advertising, but it turned out that the advertising did the trick and brought an attendance approximately four times larger than the Exhibition drew at Winnipeg. All those gentlemen, therefore, whose disinterested work during the short time at their disposal was responsible for this success, deserve the thanks of the community. We nearly got into a frightful row over some raucous comments that appeared in the E. O. in connection with this assessment business, but, as it turned out, the sums raised in this way worked wonders. The officers in charge of the Exhibits, it should be added, had nothing to do with this end [illegible] happy home?" was the subject of a recent discussion. One lady said the three essentials were a good temper, a good husband and charge of the finances. A minister said: a man, a woman and a cookstove." A genial looking young married lady held that the three essentials of a happy home were a man, a woman and a baby. Hurrah for the g. l. y. m. !

On our own hook we sent out questionaires on this subject to several of our earnest Christian paid-up subscribers, but so far have only received two replies. They are as follows:

Vernon T. Boothby, Elbow Park: Two cases Scotch, five gallons Rye and small keg of Rum.

H. M. Bucklesnooster, Mount Royal: A corkscrew. The other two essentials go with the corkscrew.

* * *

The Alberta Social Service League has been called to meet in Calgary on the 17th of this month. The Convention will deal with such subjects as the Liquor Act, its enforcement and amendments, and if anyone wishes to hear a good address it would be well not to miss John Mosely on "Beer and Light Wines," Tuesday evening, Feb. 18. His proposals on the subject will be seconded by the Rev. Frank Goode, of Edmonton.

* * *

In the case which is to be presented to parliament by those who demand Dominion-wide prohibition, the statement is made that "every Province in Canada, but one, has a temperance law in force." This is not an accurate description of the situation. What the dry persons have got is prohibition, and prohibition is not temperance. Temperance is habitual moderation. Webster defines it as "habitual moderation in the indulgence of the appetites and passions" or "moderation in the use of intoxicants."

* * *

Temperance does not involve either the abrogation of individual rights or the confiscation of property. Prohibition involves both. Temperance is something which is undoubtedly desirable. It is the aim of all good citizens and the only way to establish temperance on a permanent basis is to kill whiskey by [illegible] and give [illegible] to wholesome beer. True temperance would then become the vogue and everybody would be contented and satisfied.

* * *

[illegible]

The Boxing Commission which has been organized to regulate the future fistic entertainments to be held in Calgary, is composed of wellknown business men. The idea is, of course, not only to protect the city from an influx of undesirable meal-ticket scrappers but also to ensure a good clean line of sport for the boxing fans. This means well matched (that is, evenly matched) bouts, pulled off in a respectable human atmosphere.

* * *

"Squib" Ross, when he addressed the legislative committee of the council on the subject and speaking as representative of the Veterans, laid stress on the need of a well regulated Boxing Club that would meet the crave for this form of sport which had taken possession of thousands of men returned or about to return from overseas. He spoke of Calgary's famous boxer, Harold Rolph, who distinguished himself in important bouts at the National Sporting Club as well as at the great International Tournament at Albert Hall, the latter being held under the personal and direct auspices of the King himself. The legislative committee very properly decided that if King George could stand for boxing, surely they could.

* * *

The following is a list of officers of the Calgary Boxing Commission:

President, Wm. Georgeson; 1st Vice-pres., Major J. L. Gibson; 2nd Vice-pres., R. C. Edwards; Manager, Ed. W. Kolb. Secretary, W. L. Ross; Treasurer, J. A. McCaw; Medical Examiner, Dr. C. S. McDonald, C. W. [illegible]

* * *

The City Council, at their regular meeting on Wednesday, said ditto to the views of the legislative committee. Thanking you one and all, gentlemen, etc., etc.

* * *

Just when we thought that everything was nicely fixed, along comes the assistant city solicitor with a pronouncement that the city has no power to appoint a Boxing Commission with exclusive authority. He, Marcus, says that the charter amendment will have to be secured at the present sitting of the legislature. It is to be hoped that the legislature will not refer it to the Peace Conference at Paris.

* * *

The Commission is going ahead anyhow and has already made arrangements for holding their Boxing Entertainments in Al Hazaar Temple. The first will probably be pulled off during the first week in March.

* * *

A village photographer was losing patience with his lady patron. "Just a little smile, please," he said, dwelling somewhat on the last word. "A smile adds much to the artistic effect."

The lady shook her head.

"Of course, if you'd rather," commenced the artist.

"I would not," came from the direction of the headrest. "Our one layin' hen died this mornin', bacon's gone up [illegible] a pound, mother's had a couple o' fits, my boy George has just broken a plate-glass window, and my husband is in a military hospital with four or five wounds o' lead inside him. If you think I'm going to grin like a Cheshire cat when I'm up against that shower o' blessings you're scratchin' the wrong pig."

* * *

Every man does things on the quiet that would make him feel quite small if they were found out.

The recent decisions of Chief Justice Hunter, of British Columbia, have commanded wide attention in Europe. His citation of an Act of Parliment passed in the reign of Charles the First, which showed that a certain Commission of Inquiry was *Ultra Vires*, is considered great stuff.

So profound seems to have been the impression created by his lordship's decision amongst the leading jurists, statesmen and plenipotentiaries from other countries, that a request has been cabled to the Chief Justice from the representatives of the Four Great Nations now sitting in Paris for a legal opinion on the status, culpability and punishment of the Kaiser.

The following reply has just been cabled to Paris and given out to the Press:

Acknowledging the courteous request made to me by the Peace Delegates of Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States, for a legal opinion re the ex-Kaiser of Germany, I submit the following.

In the first place the Kaiser is *ultra vires*. There can be no question about this. That he is also in Dutch, being a resident of Holland, is an ascertained fact. In my opinion there is no moral reason why the Kaiser should not be deported and his person seized by one of the Great Allied Powers, and there can be little doubt but that such a step would meet with the approval of civilization generally, but there is an unfortunate legal obstacle in the way. By reference to the Mistakes of Moses, Ingersoll, page 273, you will find that this would be a grave distortion of the spirit of the Habeas Corpus Act as expounded so ably at the Council of Trent in 1545 by Peter Jackson. Such deportation proposals therefore become automatically *ultra vires*.

The Institutes of Justinian aptly define the science of right and wrong as being a matter of individual expediency, especially when applied to the antics of ubiquitous bootleggers and to the criminal thirst of customers of high degree; for, as Tacitus says, "What is sauce for the goose, is tea for the gander." Otherwise the geese would all be *ultra vires*. And so it is with Emperors. If they are not *ultra vires*, there is certainly something the matter with them.

As for the culpability of the Kaiser, the charge is freely admitted even by Bethmann-Holweg and Von Bernstorff, though Von Reventlow is disposed to be contumacious on the subject. It has been established beyond a doubt that Wilhelm planned the war and connived at unspeakable atrocities on land and and sea. Yet, if one follows the traditions of the ancient courts of British Columbia, whose characteristic philosophies have a tendency to declare everything and everybody *ultra vires*, why then, nothing can be done about it. Indeed, were the question of the Kaiser's culpability to be brought before me in the High Court of this Province, I should be unable to overlook certain Acts passed during the reigns of Edward the Confessor and Queen Elizabeth, which seem to grant absolute immunity to persons of rank, no matter how culpable. So that culpability *per se* need not be considered at all in this case. Blue Beard went scot free under one of these Acts, the Court of Common Pleas deciding that his wives, though otherwise virtuous, were decidedly *ultra vires*.

These Acts have never been repealed. Precedent will acquit or condemn, according to the active or passive memory of the judge. I myself was once able to [illegible] friend, Sir [illegible] innocent [illegible] inadvertently murdered a potboy. Nor was this Act ever repealed. The potboy was declared *ultra vires*, in spite of his distracted mother's protestations to the contrary. The question of Sir John's culpability was laughed out of court, if indeed it ever came up.

When one reaches the pivotal question of the Kaiser's punishment, one is tempted to suggest that he be slowly fried in lard, but here again we are confronted with the barbwire entanglements of the law. Supposing that an International Court be established at Versailles to decide upon the precise form of punishment, the man's guilt having already been established, it will be found that a decree of Julius Caesar when he overran Gaul, covers the whole case. This is unfortunate but in my opinion is an insuperable obstacle. In British Columbia we have a profound respect for Julius Caesar.

Julius Caesar decided for all time that in the race for supremacy in the political and military field, everything went, "Lellbent for election," as Macauley hath it. The great warrior was insistent on his rightful prerogatives as Emperor and when the Frankish, Burgundian, Saxon and Gothic tribes of his day sought to curb his ambition, he simply declared them all *ultra vires*, and let it go at that.

The object of the Peace Delegates, however, being to put the Kaiser to death in some appropriate manner, I would strongly advise them to rely on the case of Charles the First. I myself, as you are aware, dragged this unfortunate monarch into the limelight only the other day for the purpose of setting a man free; you, gentlemen, can drag him out also, for the opposite purpose of showing arrogant kings where they get off at. The only drawback to this, in my opinion, is the belief entertained not only by myself, but by my associates on the bench, that the Peace Conference now sitting at Versailles is *ultra vires* and possesses no powers other than to order up more drinks and peradventure induce the professor to start up another tune on the piano.

(Signed) HUNTER, C. J.

* * *

It would be a distinct relief to everybody if the authorities would let up for a while on the everlasting prosecution and hounding of booze-vendors and other infringers of the Liquor Act. It is getting very tiresome. The community demands a change, if only for a week or two, and with this idea in mind we respectfully submit that the Provincial Police switch off from the whiskey malefactors to the gambling fraternity. Only last week we read in the local press of a well known travelling man's downfall, which was brought about in this city and in Edmonton through ill-luck at poker. He dropped $900 altogether.

* * *

Of course there is nothing wrong in playing a little game of draw with your own money, but this traveller seems to have been using funds belonging to his firm. This sort of thing is invariably fatal. As between drinking and gambling, we should say that gambling is the more demoralising of the two, for the reason that it tends to give one an intense aversion to ordinary work. This, also, is fatal.

* * *

When we first struck this country the chief gambling craze (we are speaking more particularly of Edmonton) was craps. Draw poker held its sway with the older boys, of course, but craps became temporarily popular through being introduced by a genial American sport called "Red" Irwin, now a successful mining man in the Kaslo country. Everybody got to shooting craps. A pair of bones would be produced at the most unexpected moments and all you would hear for the next ten minutes would be the snapping of thumb and finger to the accompaniment of a most extraordinary line of crap lingo that only the initiated could understand.

* * *

For instance if the dice turned up a six and a four, making ten, it was called "Big Dick". When the spots totalled nine, it was "Long Liz," and so on. If you shot craps and failed to use the slang belonging to the game, you were at once put down as a farmer. And to be called a farmer is a deadly insult to the gambler who fancies himself. The school kids around Edmonton caught the craze and used to shoot for marbles in the playgrounds.

* * *

This crap craze at Edmonton, now over twenty years ago, soon passed, but it gave rise to many an amusing incident. On one occasion the Rev. Dr. McQueen paid a surprise visit to the Sunday School of the Presbyterian church on the south side, for the purpose of examining the class.

To the consternation of the teacher he selected the worst boy of the whole lot to operate on, a youthful sport who seldom attended, and who did not know but what John the Baptist might be driving team in Calgary for Pat Burns. The teacher, happily, had been an old sport himself and he trusted to the boy's wit to tumble to his promptings.

"Now, my boy," began Dr. McQueen, "let us see what progress you have made in biblical lore under your worthy teacher. [illegible]

Johnnie (fumbling): "Four."

Rev. Doctor: "Good boy. And how many commandments?"

Teacher (speaking to imaginary scholar): "Now then Big Dick, stop whispering."

Johnnie (with a faint grin): "Ten."

Rev. Doctor: "Correct. And how many wise virgins were there?"

Teacher: "Phoebe Brown, stop drumming the desk with your fingers."

Johnnie: "Five."

Rev. Doctor: "Quite satisfactory. Now I don't want to puzzle you, but if God had been two days longer making the world, how long would He have been about it?"

Teacher: "Now, Johnnie, take your time. Your maid at home, Long Liz, will keep supper for you."

Johnnie: "Nine."

Rev. Doctor: "Extraordinary accuracy and precision! And how many days did He really take?"

Teacher (seeing Johnnie hesitate): "Remember, my boy, it wasn't as long as your dad took to harvest his crops."

Johnnie: "Seven."

Rev. Doctor: "There is no need to examine the class further. I see you have inspired your scholars with proper love and reverence for the scriptures which incites them to further study of the holy writ. I congratulate you, sir, on the efficiency of this youthful scholar, who in his brief examination has done honor to his class and reflected credit upon yourself."

Teacher (with a haggard look at Johnnie): "I am only a humble worker in the Master's vineyard."

* * *

When you tell your grandchildren about the great war, let us hope that you shall not have to confess that you did not do your bit. Posterity pays our debts but repudiates our excuses.

Vive Foch!

Most Regrettable

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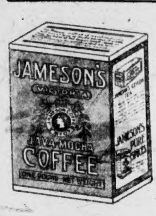

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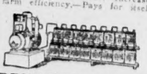

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SUPERB ORCHESTRA EVERY EVENING

The Man from Hootch

Union Government seems to have settled down to a partnership of Cant and Humbug. Cant does the talking and Humbug does the rest. "Uplift" is being much worn these days. It not only covers Newton Wesley Rowell all over like a cloak—as sleep did Sancho Panza—but it enwraps Jim Calder in its generous folds. Calder in an Uplift cloak, walking down the street of Regina, would create much excitement.

* * *

When Jim visits the Holy City, which he does quite often in order to talk his troubles over with the Globe and the Star, he generally spills a little Uplift to make Toronto feel at home. There is always the inevitable speech at the Canadian Club or the Ontario Club or a Methodist Church, to let the East know that the West is right there with the goods that Wesley Rowell travels for, and that it has Uplift to burn.

* * *

The result is that Jim has won new garlands in Toronto, whose denizens had long labored under the impression that he was the Bob Rogers of Saskatchewan, only smoother. The East now bows its head as Jim Calder thunders by. If Jim can talk turkey with the gumshoers and the dark lantern fellows he can also buttonhole the Almighty in His own language, and that goes a long way with the pious but predacious East. The Holy City is essentially a God-cum-Mammon burg.

* * *

Jim has been misunderstood. If he is a Bob Rogers—so say the Uplifters—then he is a Bob that has been Burbanked of all his wickedness by the spiritual environment of Ottawa. It is not too much to say—and we say it with all reverence—that Jesus is helping Jim Calder a lot with Eastern audiences. Whether they will part company when the ... Uplift member of the Union Government. Frank Carvell—fearless, fighting, ferocious Frank—was expected to play this role, but no man could ever be Minister of Public Works and an Uplifter at one and the same time. It can't be done, especially with Courtney Bay dredging contracts in the offing. No, Frank can't work his battering ram jaw on the Uplift stuff as freely as of yore. Calder simply had to take it up where Frank left off.

* * *

Jim is making good at it. He and Wesley Rowell are now known as the Heavenly twins. Ottawa is not their resting place—heaven is their home. At least, Jim is trying to get back where he was before Union Government led him astray, and Rowell is doing the same thing. The chief difference is that Jim can get back—he has useful practical gifts—and Rowell can't, because he is too damn good to be true. For Jim the door is wide open, but for Newton Wesley Rowell it is closed, slammed in his face. It is a strange partnership—the one shall be taken and the other left.

"Cant" being so well managed, it follows that Humbug is also run along up to date lines. Government Humbug takes many forms, too many to set down here, but the largest part of it is the advertising. Never did a Government with so few goods to deliver indulge in such an orgy of advertising. Needless to say The Eye Opener gets none of it.

* * *

Union Government believes that advertising—otherwise press-agent dope—approximates Shakespeare's definition of mercy—it blesses him that gives and him that takes. It blesses the Union Government which gives these half page ads to a free and unfettered press, and it blesses the newspapers that take the ads for twice as much money as they would have got if the copy had been placed through an advertising agency. Twice blessed—yes—bribery by the Government and blackmail by the newspapers.

* * *

Propaganda is the Humbug word for this wholesale bribery of the press. Propaganda is a Latin-Irish word. It is derived from two roots—propere, meaning to prop, and agan, the Irish form of again. The term means to prop again and again, because Union Government needs so much propping.

* * *

Yet, although propaganda has two roots Union Government is not well rooted. Even now the roots are loose and a little pulling will get Union Government out. A general election will clean the snags out and Canada will have a new set of teeth—by this time next year.

* * *

Propaganda is spread all over the Ottawa field of endeavour, like manure. It smells like manure, anyhow. There is a richly staffed, highly paid Department of Public Information which perhaps runs to a hundred thousand dollars a year. It gets out an "Official Record" which is not read even in editorial offices. The Eye Opener finds it regularly in its P.O. Box. We glanced over a few copies when it first came out, but now just chuck 'em into the waste paper basket unopened.

* * *

The Department of Public Information features clippings of admiring press comment on cabinet ministers, keeps the Government "Scrap Book" and predigests ... dispatches from Argyll House before issuing them to the newspapers. At first Leader Rowell intended to use this Department of Public B. S. as a Press Bureau for himself, but his colleagues kicked, with the result that its activities are confined ... When the Department issues any honey, all the bees get credit pro rata.

* * *

Every cabinet minister, with the possible exception of Lougheed, who is the ablest administrator in the present government and despises insincerity—has his press agent. Some have two or three. Every derelict newspaper man between Halifax and Vancouver has a job at Ottawa. Bum reporters, who could not make twenty dollars a week at their business, are down on the Government payroll for salaries ranging from three to six thousand dollars a year!

* * *

These hungry hack writers are billeted on the various boards, commissions and other blame-dodging bureaus invented by the Government to pull it over the hard spots. For a while the Food Board, which cost the country $400,000 a year to let bacon run amuck, sheltered a large number of these journalists. But the Food Board disbanded and the pencil-pushers had to take refuge elsewhere.

* * *

Most of them found a soft spot in the Repatriation and Employment Bureau, which is the busiest advertiser you ever saw getting out pamphlets and booklets and leaflets thicker than leaves in Vallambrosa. What with the half-page ads in the daily newspapers and the peevish tribe of scribes sugared-up with better jobs than they ever had before, the Government reckons to totter along for another six months.

* * *

The Union Government certainly does believe in advertising. The best thing it does is "pass the buck". For instance it made a big bluff about a land policy for the returned soldier—and then handed the job on to the provinces. This was a rare joke on the West.

* * *

Another great "talking point" was the Labor Bureau which the Union Government made a great hullabaloo about creating. But when it came to a showdown, the provinces were asked to tackle ... the War Trade Board the Government sent overseas to do Sir George Foster's work for him and get business for Canada. The War Trade Board, consisting as it did of brisk traders like Lloyd Harris and Frank Jones, naturally helped itself first. There wasn't much left for Canada when they got through.

* * *

Hoover, who seems to have taken them into camp without half trying, got all the European food business for the United States. Now poor Sir Joseph Flavelle, who has bacon and eggs by the million in storage, weeps bitter post-cured tears because England will not sell her reserve supply to Europe on the shakiest credit and let him sell again to good-pay England at war prices.

* * *

This is one case where passing the buck caught the right man. The old bloodsucker, Flavelle, will have to sell to Canadians at pre-war prices or his eggs will go bad and his bacon go on the pork. He can, however, quickly dispose of all his bad eggs at the next election. Indeed, from present indications, there ought to be a terrific run on bad eggs about this time.

* * *

The following should interest boxing fans. It tells of the new heavyweight, Jack Dempsey, whose 1918 record is somewhat sensational.

It took Jess Willard's "save him for me" man exactly 625 seconds to take all the joy out of life for ten of the leading heavies who had some sort of an idea that Jack Dempsey was a bloomer.

The latest sensation in the heavyweight ranks tied Ferocious Freddie Fulton into a knot, and Freddie woke up eighteen seconds later. Then Porky Flynn tried it and stalled sixty-eight seconds before he went out, and to make matters worse Jack gave him another another try and was just six seconds faster this time in putting the big one over, making the grand total of sixty-two for Porky on his second appearance.

Arthur Pelky lasted fifty one seconds and Jim Flynn seventy. Charley Miller called everything off after seventy-two of the little ticks, and then Bob McAllister took a whole lot of time and went softly out in two minutes and ten seconds. Tom McCarthy stood him off for exactly one minute, and Homer Smith had a date or something, and went away just when, after sixty-two seconds of wild swinging, Homer left. Carl Morris crawled through the ropes, took his seat, got up, shook hands, and then went out in thirty-two seconds.

Dempsey's record of quick knockouts is unequaled in the history of pugilism. While he did not do as much work as a few other boxers did in the ring during 1918, his performances in the squared circle were more spectacular than any other fighter's. He appeared in twenty-two battles during the year, and won seventeen via the knockout route.

Sam Steele

Death has called General Sam Steele, one of Calgary's very earliest notabilities, after a life of great usefulness and much adventure. Big in frame and big of heart, frank, fearless and unassuming, he found his place under all circumstances and in any company. His name is writ large across the page of Western Canadian life. No one was better known in the West than Sam Steele, and few, if any, more highly respected or better liked. He was one of the great plainsmen of his time, a time when the western wilderness and their inhabitants were making their last vain stand against the coming of law and ordered settlement.

Born early ... in Ontario, Steele was always a soldier. He fought against the rebels on the Red River in 1870 and again in 1885, thereafter serving for many years with the Northwest Mounted Police. There were few places on the prairies and through the mountains where the name of Sam Steele was not known. It was he who took the Strathcona Horse to S. Africa, fighting with distinction in that war. He afterwards organized the South African Constabulary. Despite advancing years he held important commands in the war just ended, first as Inspector-General in Western Canada, then as commander of the Second Division overseas, and afterwards as Major-General in charge of the Shorncliffe camp. Possessed of a high conception of duty, he had also a boundless courage and an extraordinary capacity for endurance, qualities which gave him his reputation as a fighting leader.

Sale of Flatware

HERE is the opportunity you have been looking for to supply that long-felt want in Silver-plated Flatware.

We are offering this line at reduced prices, as we are discontinuing the patterns.

3 Table Knives, 3 Table Forks	Regular $8.25, for	$4.00
6 Knives, 6 Forks	Regular $8.00, for	$3.00
6 Knives, 6 Forks	Regular $10.00, for	$5.00
Oyster Forks,	Regular $3.00 Set, for	$1.50

Sheffield Plate

Dessert Knives and Forks, Pearl Handles, Regular $18.50, for $9.00

D. E. BLACK & CO. Ltd.
JEWELERS
HERALD BUILDING - - - CALGARY

We see by Lloyd's Weekly that George Robey, the comic singer, is in the list of O.B.E. honors. Some bloody idiots think that O.B.E. stands for "O, Bob Edwards!" But it is not so. The magic letters mean "Order of the British Empire" and no fewer than 294,000 men and women, who never knowingly did anyone a wrong in their lives, have been Obed in spite of their violent protests.

Colonel Sanders, back from the front with added honors, has resumed his old seat on the bench at the Calgary police court. The compliment he passed upon Mr. Davidson, who presided during his absence, was well deserved. A warm welcome was accorded the Colonel on his return to the city and an especially cordial greeting met him from members of the bar.

TRY A
"Colonel Bogey"
Cigar

MADE BY THE EDMONTON CIGAR CO., LTD.
HARRY SHAW'S OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM

118-120 8th Ave. East
NEILSON'S
Calgary

Annual February Sale
FEBRUARY 1 TO 18, INCLUSIVE

Brass Bed, Spring and Mattress

Bed has 2-in. posts with ½-in. upright fillers and top rail ½-in. in diameter. Head is 57 ins. high, foot 38 ins. high. This handsome bed is finished in gold lacquer with the new ribbon trimmings. Come in 4.0 and 4.6 sizes.

Mattress is a special one, with a clean sanitary filling, with cotton felt facings on both sides. Heavy art tick covering.

Spring is a coiled steel spring with a guarantee for length of service.

Reg. $56.65. February Sale Price **$41.50**

White Enamel Bed with Spring and Mattress

Heavy White Enamelled Steel Bed with 1-in. posts and heavy steel fillers, ½-in. in diameter. Comes either in 4.0 or 4.6 size. Spring is reinforced woven wire with maple frame. Mattress has fibre-filled centre with cotton felt facings and art tick covering. Regular $24.25. February Sale price **$19.75**

Near Brass Beds

Forty-eight of these fine Beds, with 2-in. posts and top rail; upright fillers are 1¼ in. diameter. Head is 57 inches high, foot 37 inches high. All joints are electro-welded, making head and foot all one piece of metal. Is finished in the near brass lacquer. Comes in 4.6 or double size only. Regular $23.00. February Sale price **$17.75**

The Neilson Furniture Co., Limited
CALGARY, ALBERTA

The Man from the Front

Is back amongst us, and the question of the moment is, "What about getting him into civies?"

The question of the moment with him is: "What about getting back into civies?"

He is not at all the sort of chap he was when he went away, and recognizing this, the new season's clothes are all stepping out of their wrappings with an up-to-the-minute snappiness as to fit and form, ready for the military man's approval.

Shapeliness is the keynote; in fact, the uniform type of clothes prevails, although the color is no longer khaki.

No man need fear that the change into the clothing made by Kuppenheimer, or Leischman, will detract from the smart trim appearance he presented when in the service.

The Bay is the place to find these new fashions for Men by the Best Makers.

The Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 1670 HERBERT E. BURBIDGE, STORES COMMISSIONER

TAILORED CLOTHES
TO MEASURE
UNIFORM SPECIALIST
A. S. Nimmo
ALBERTA CORNER, 1ST ST. WEST, CALGARY.

Wall, we are in Dutch with Calgary's talented restaurateurs, but take great pleasure in reiterating that there are an awful lot of bum eating joints in this fair city of ours. It would be manifestly unfair to classify the caterers along with Lucretia Borgia and Palmer the Poisoner, because some of our local eating houses which employ white cooks are excellent, but it must be admitted that Chinese cooking is anything but conducive to longevity. Calgary's only salvation is for some of our old culinary geniuses to return from the front. We know of several good ones who should be back soon, if they are not already here.

* * *

Kolb's kitchen is officered by two Scotchmen and an Irishman—or two Irishmen and a Scotchman, we forget which—and his steady guests all seem to thrive and wax fat. The Hudson Bay has a dandy chef and the White Lunch is all-white, as its name would indicate. Mr. Kolb and Mr. Nagel have both done their best to favor the returned soldier at every opportunity, though they don't say much about it. The new Grill Room beneath the Empress Hotel is a decided acquisition to Calgary, the help being all white and the chef a cook, a real cook. This is quite a classy dining room, conducted by a manager who obviously knows his business and if he does not get the support he deserves from Calgary gourmets it will be the crime of the century. Mr. Wirth, we understand, has several returned boys in his employ. (The worst of recommending certain restaurants is that some slob is sure to say that you are getting a meal slipped to you.)

The present acting manager of the White Lunch is Mr. Stevenson, one of the original Princess Pats.

* * *

It is a well known fact that the over-running of Canada by Chinese cooks was originally a political plot devised by the wily Li Hung Chang, who visited Calgary some fifteen years ago. This great oriental statesman, while on his tour, decided that Canada would be a suitable country for the overflow of China's vast population. When he found that certain restrictions were being imposed on his countrymen to curtail the number of arrivals, he determined to kill off so many Canadians that the Dominion Government would soon be glad to receive any old race at all. With this aim in view, Li Hung Chang sent over hordes of alleged cooks from Kwang-Tung and Manchuria, paying their $500 entrance tax, with instructions to them to do their worst. They have certainly done so, and it is a great tribute to the stamina and virility of the Canadian people that there are so many left to tell the tale. There is one Chink of our acquaintance whom we would dearly love to see working in the Kaiser's kitchen.

* * *

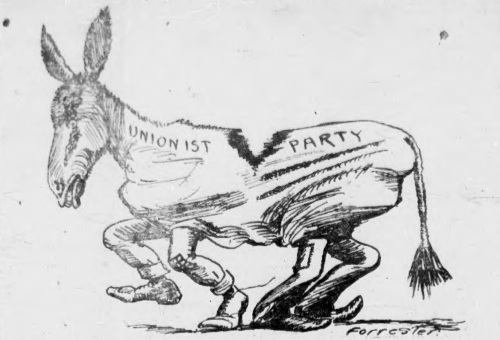
A man loses lots of money trying out schemes to make money without work. Whereas, it can't be done.

* * *

We are very glad to see that the Conservative members in the Provincial House have decided to retain George Hoadley as their leader. He is the best man available just now and is quite popular in a quiet way with both sides of the House. His parliamentary methods are honest and straightforward. Like Tweedie, his attacks are mostly frontal, he being congenitally incapable of "putting up jobs" on anybody. Premier Stewart can rely on cordial co-operation from Hoadley when the measures brought forward by the Government are obviously for the welfare of the Province. On occasions which call for going over the top and rushing the trenches, George Hoadley will not be found lingering in his dugout,—and such Hoadleian methods make for good sound party government. The country first; party second.

* * *

The moral of a dog's tail always points to the past.



Let 'er Rip!

Here is news for the hopeful investors in mining propositions to ponder:

Three years ago a group of rich men in New York and Canada got together and organized the Canadian Mining and Exploration company. The company started with an authorised capital of $5,000,000; half of this was paid in.

The company's aim was to investigate mining properties, and to exploit and develop those likely to prove profitable. Until the subscribed capital was needed for such purpose it was invested in sound securities.

Since its organization in 1912 this company of experienced investigators has looked into some 1,500 mining propositions and has not found one worthy of development! So the company is to be liquidated, its securities sold and the subscribed capital returned to the founders.

The men in this company had opportunities to acquire the mines and prospects that are offered to the public by smooth tongued promoters. Many others were investigated as well. Three years of time and much money were spent in the hunt, but nothing was found.

* * *

The moral of the above is this: If an organization of rich men, able to employ the best experts, can't find one promising mine in 1,500 investigated, how much chance has the average non-expert investor to win?

* * *

Bill Sikes had been charged with stealing a watch and had been found not guilty. Just as the verdict had been given a charge of assault was heard against the complainant.

"He beat me all about the 'ead with a brick and near killed me, yer honor!" declared the victim.

"Why didn't you defend yourself?" asked the magistrate, rather bored with the proceedings. "Had you nothing in your hand?"

"Well, yer honor, I had his watch, but what was the use of that against a brick?"

* * *

"They will never get me alive", says the former crown prince of Germany. Who wants him alive?

We are in full sympathy with the resolutions of condemnation against the extortions of the Undertaker's combine which were recently passed by the veterans of Saskatchewan. As one of the resolutions pointed out, grossly extortionate charges have been imposed on occasions when those on whom such charges are laid were least able to bear them.

* * *

Stiff funeral expenses, coming right on top of heavy doctor's fees and fancy drugstore charges, have placed many a family in financial straits at the very time when those in sorrow should be spared additional worry. The business of embalming and burying the dead should not, as the veterans claim, be confined to any close corporation.

* * *

We do not believe that there is an Undertaking Combine in Alberta, for the reason that the charges for conducting obsequies seem to vary according to the firm chosen. In the early days of Calgary "Cappie" Smart ran an undertaking establishment as a side line, the premises being adjacent to the Salvation Army barracks on First Street east. We have reason to know that the kind hearted Cappie buried many a poor soul for nothing. He probably soaked it to the rich ones, though.

* * *

Up in the little town of Ledue some fifteen or sixteen years ago there was an editor running a small weekly sheet called "The Sun." After a year's struggle he fell sick and died,—not exactly from hunger, but more probably of a broken heart. On his deathbed he sent for the local undertaker and made arrangements for his funeral expenses, which were to be taken out in ads during the three weeks the doctor had given him to live. Together they fixed up a half-page display ad. for the back page, three insertions, in return for which the undertaker was to insert the editor in a nice grave. The arrangement panned out all right, though the poor chap died earlier than anticipated. The printer who inherited the plant for unpaid wages filled the contract, however, and the undertaker proved himself no piker with the funeral arrangements. They buried the scribe in the little cemetery by the lake.

* * *

The paving of the inclines to the subways under the C.P.R. tracks should be ripped up and old-fashioned cobble stones substituted. Under certain weather conditions it is almost impossible for teams drawing loads to climb the grade without falling. It is painful to watch the efforts of horses trying to get a grip with their shoes on the smooth polished asphalt, especially during the winter months.

The following two letters are self-explanatory:

Department of Municipal Affairs,
Alberta
Edmonton, Dec. 31, 1918.

Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter Dec. 20, appealing against a Wild Land tax assessment for the year 1915 on the above mentioned land on the grounds of having been on Active Military Service since February 6, 1915. I regret very much to say that it is impossible to consider your appeal on this ground as no provisions are made in the Act to exempt the land from 1915 taxes except if the ordinary conditions as to cultivation or stock pastured on the land are fulfilled. There is still due for the year 1915, $16.64 if paid till January 1, 1919, after that date five per cent. will be added.

Your obedient servant,
M. V. Collisson,
Wild Land Tax Commissioner.

* * *

Calgary, Feb. 1, 1919

To the Editor,
Eye Opener,
Calgary

Re Wild Land Tax payable by soldiers.

Dear Sir:

It would appear from the enclosed from the Wild Land Tax Commissioner that the Provincial Government of Alberta was not satisfied with the farmers of Alberta that left their farms in 1914-1915 for overseas service, and by way of punishment for giving their services voluntarily have used the Wild Land Tax scheme as a process of imposing a fine upon them for temporarily deserting their land.

From the Commissioner's letter you notice that he admits that I enlisted in February 1915 but still I have to pay a Wild Land Tax on my land for that year at the rate of ten cents per acre, because I was absent from my land and did not cultivate it. In other words the Provincial Government are imposing a fine on me of ten cents an acre on all farm lands that I owned in Alberta because I enlisted in the army and did not continue farming. I am glad I did not "die for my country", as there seems to be an extra fine imposed in that case. My brother enlisted with me and was killed in France in 1916 and I have had to pay $60 Wild Land Tax on his account.

By way of showing what protection we get from the Province, Provincial Police, Civic Police or Rural Municipalities, I will try and explain the position my land is in. Now, when I left in February, 1915, my homestead was well fenced with regulation or legal fence with a frame shack on it, which the Fire Insurance Company insured for $200. On my return in the fall of 1918, with some thirty pieces of lead still in me, I find my little old farm is just part of the bald headed prairie. There is not a piece of board of my shack left, to even light a camp fire with, nor could I even find even a ten foot strand of my two miles of three strand barb wire fence. My neighbors say the cattle knocked it all down, but barbed wire and a homesteader's shack are rather poor diet for cattle even if they do belong to people who speak German fluently. But I must not call these people Huns as they are protected by the Provincial and Dominion Governments and for such a statement I would be subject to another fine of maybe $100.

Well, I haven't the money to put up another shack and build fence at two hundred dollars a mile, so now I am subject to more Wild Land Tax.

Going to Peace River to locate another quarter of real wild land, some of that Soldier Settlement bait, I enquired at Peace River Crossing if there was anything open west of there, as that is supposed to be the best part of the country, and was advised that in recent years nearly all the good land for seventy-five miles west of there had been filed upon. Looking at the map these three Post Offices caught my eye, Vanrend, Friedenstahl and Waterhole. A man of the district who was standing near advised me that they were "German settlements."

Now, Mr. Editor, there are thousands of soldiers on their way to Alberta, who on their return are going to buck up against the same thing as I have. Although this "German settlement" thing is crowding the returned soldier from a great deal of good land and looks as if it has come to stay, there is no reason why the Provincial Government cannot have the decency to exempt the men from Wild Land Tax while serving for the year 1915 as well as other years.

Yours truly,
A VET.

* * *

In last issue we drew attention to the large number of alcoholic prescriptions filled by the Hanna Drug Company and mentioned the fact that there were three doctors in that burg, one of whom gave out most of the prescriptions referred to. Now, this rather vague utterance seems to have hurt an old friend of ours, who used to dwell in Calgary and is known to a large circle of friends here,—none other than Dr. Wade.

* * *

No one who knows this gentleman would imagine for a moment that he was the doctor referred to. Indeed, we do not ourself know who it was, more than that the bulk of these prescriptions were, as stated, signed by one doctor. Of course it wasn't Doc. Wade. Who said it was?

* * *

It couldn't have been the Doc anyway, because he only got back from the front quite recently.

* * *

Dr. Wade put in two years in England and France, and as he says, is now trying to repatriate himself and get established again in his profession. As a matter of fact, we did not know he had yet returned from the other side, but now that he is back in Sunny Alberta we wish him the best of luck.

* * *

Well, we tipped you off right about Stuart-Whyte's "Cinderella," didn't we? You bet your life we did. And didn't you enjoy the pretty music and the pretty girls and the funny comedians a darned sight more than you did the raucous bellowings of the San Carlo Grand Opera the week before? Of course you did. You might as well admit it.

LOTT & CO. Ltd Ground Floor Dominion Bank Building
Agents for
CHINOOK COAL FROM LETHBRIDGE
"The Fuel Without a Fault"

Mail Us Your Orders

Our Mail Order Department is controlled by a highly educated, experienced shopper, who will act for you and count no effort too great in order to serve you. We cheerfully refund your money in full if not perfectly satisfied.

The Bon-Marche
DRY GOODS STORE
108 EIGHTH AVENUE EAST

Rich Black Silk Poplin
Value $2.50
Width 36 ins. Yard
$1.77
Only 40 yards of this lustrous silk in a rich jet black.

Attractive Dresses of Wool Serge
Sizes 14 to 38. Values to $27.50
$15.00

Smart in appearance, and useful always, these dresses are the best value we have ever offered. The present cost of the serge alone almost absorbs the price of the full dress.

They are made in the Bolero style, braid trimmed, the collar and cuffs are of silk poplin in contrasting colors. They come in navy, taupe, brown and green, and at this price are a very special bargain.

Astounding Value in
Women's Smart Suits
SIZES 34 TO 42. VALUES TO $37.50
$19.50

We have only 15 suits to offer at this remarkable price. We wish we could get more of the same quality at the same price, but it is impossible. They are made of good wool serge, of fine weave, in colors of navy, brown, dark green and are trimmed braid and buttons. Those women needing a smart, useful suit should certainly see these and see them early.

Every Woman Needs a Separate Skirt

And these prices make them easy to get. Black Poplin Dress Skirts with pockets and belt, each $2.50

Dress Skirts of Tweed in many pretty mixtures. Tweeds are stylish wear for the coming Spring. These are well made in tailored fashion, with patch pockets and belt, values to $7.50. Special $4.75

Stylish Neckwear

We are showing as fine a selection of Neckwear as can be found in the province. Georgette, Satin, Crepe de Chine, Voile, Organdie, Pique, etc., in the new [illegible] in both white and colors. [illegible] to $2.75 [illegible] $1.00

Habutai Silk Waists
Sizes 34 to 44 $2.98 Values to $4.00

With the Tuxedo [illegible]

Silver Spray Beer

Is a Beverage to

DINE WORK SLEEP **ON**

Used with meals, it stimulates the appetite and assists digestion. A Glass now and then during the day imparts strength and energy. Partaken of upon retiring, its tonic properties quiet the nerves and guarantee sound, refreshing sleep.

DRINK

Silver Spray

The Health Drink

COMPLIES WITH GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS

The Mountain Spring Brewing Co., Ltd.

CALGARY - - CANADA

There is something radically wrong about the present mode of administering the affairs of this vast country. The seat of Dominion Government is in the wrong place.

Ottawa is too remote.

* * *

The system, especially as regards administration of soldier interests, is altogether too bureaucratic. Nothing can be done in any of the military departments in the West without reference to Ottawa. One hears nothing but Ottawa,, Ottawa, Ottawa from morning till night. Heads of departments are scared to move for fear of "getting in wrong" with Ottawa. Nothing can be done until "word comes from Ottawa" and a veritable panic reigns when it is known that some political bohunk "is here from Ottawa." And Ottawa is 2,000 miles away! It makes one sick.

* * *

One has only to reside in that tiresome hole, Ottawa, one week to get a full realization of the utter lack of sympathy existing between Government officials and Western Canada. The appalling ignorance of the western point of view is even more marked. Their minds are only capable of reaching as far as the Great Lakes. Officials think of a city like Calgary in much the same vague way that we out here think of Omsk in Russia. Too far away, too far away.

* * *

Ever and anon a mysterious official arrives from Ottawa and registers at the Palliser. What he has come for, he seldom knows himself. All he talks about is, "am leaving for the Coast tonight." He may not be on to his job to any alarming extent, but he is always on his way. Making the trip-with-expenses is all that is bothering him.

"Yes, old chap, the Department sent me out to see that everything was going smoothly, you know. My stay is limited, am leaving for the coast tonight. I wonder if the train's on time? Pretty swell hotel you have here. Glad the Department is paying my expenses. Suppose I'll have to make out some kind of a report before leaving for the coast tonight. Anything I can do for you? Train leaves for the west at 6:35, they tell me. Would like very much to go through your department and see what ought to be done to rectify what you complain of, but you see I'm leaving for the coast and have to get out my Report and mail it to Ottawa before train time. I hope they have a decent chef on the diner between Calgary and the coast. We had a pretty good chef between Winnipeg and Calgary, but his coffee was just so-so. If I wasn't leaving for the coast tonight I would have been glad to stop off and get some dope for my Report, but I find I can write a much more racy Report when I don't know what I am writing about. Sorry, old man, that I have to leave for the coast tonight."

* * *

The fact is, that just now there are too many government officials swarming over the land drawing fat salaries and expenses in connection with this, that and the other department "at Ottawa" (toujours Ottawa) or moving about in a mysterious representative capacity as members of some of the myriads of boards and commissions located—at Ottawa. The ostensible object is to help the soldier, but the soldier never seems to and any of the fat jobs himself. Officers fall into good things once in a while, but the private or non-com, never.

* * *

Hordes of new officials have been created at Ottawa and they are often arbitrary, arrogant, stupid and wasteful after the manner of bureaucrats the world over. Most people loathe Ottawa red tape and absolutely despise the methods by which the Union Government business is being carried on. The U.G. is intensely unpopular.

* * *

What the returned soldiers want (and everybody else, for that matter) is to get back to the freedom they had before the war, the freedom for which they fought Germany. Our self-constituted reconstructors of society are nothing but a lot of dam bores after all, forever planning and proposing reforms that nobody wants. What is really wanted is ample opportunity for all and reasonable freedom of action. There are too many galling restraints nowadays. Why, for instance, should people be forced to drink bad whiskey when they want good beer?

* * *

The Union Government which gives skimmed milk to the soldiers, expects the boys to credit it as cream.

January thaw was among the army of unemployed this year. Nothing to thaw.

* * *

"Friend," asked the northern tourist of the Georgia Cracker, "can you tell me where I can get a drink?"

"Yessuh," replied the native. "You all follow this road a right smaht ways ahead till you come to a fawk. Take the left hand turn and go a half mile then turn to the left again and go a mile and a half till you come to another fawk, an' follah the right hand turn till you come to old man Wheeler's cabin, and if they ain't no revenooers around—"

"That's a rather long way to go for a little water isn't it?"

"Water! Oh, shucks, I thought you-all said a drink. Jes' go down on yo' knees at any of these heah cricks."

* * *

No matter how early one gets up, somebody is just coming home, and no matter haw late one stays up somebody is just going to work. A city is the apotheosis of the absurdity of civilization.

* * *

What a politican says is one thing and what he does is another.

What starving Europe needs first is a league of rations.

* * *

Many citizens will regret the impending departure from these scenes of "Jock" Stewart, who has successfully managed the Hudson's Bay dining room in Calgary since the opening of the big new store five years ago. Mr. Stewart maintained general supervision over all the Hudson Bay restaurants in Western Canada and has long been regarded by the public and by the company as a Master of the Catering Craft. The health of his wife, with whom the high altitude of Alberta does not agree, has decided Mr. Stewart to take a trip over to his native land, Scotland, for a period at least. Commissioner Burbidge has already expressed to the one and only "Jock" the sincere reluctance of the Hudson Bay Company to lose his services, which in this case have been exceptionally valuable. It is rare to find a man who so delightfully combines public efficiency and private good-fellowship as does this virile and capable Scotchman, and Calgary as a community is quite loath to have him go. A good head was he. Not lost, but gone before. Asleep in Gourock.

* * *

More Findlay complications.

A series of informations alleging violations of the prohibition laws was laid in the Vancouver police court last Saturday. Joseph G. Brooks was charged with unlawfully importing a carload of 700 cases of whiskey from Toronto, October 4, and also was charged with conspiring with William Findlay to make the importation. Five informations were laid against the Western Canada Liquor Company, alleging the illegal importation of liquor into British Columbia, and five other informations against the same company alleging illegal sales of liquor.

* * *

It will take several Acts of Charles the First, plus half a dozen of Charles the Second, to have the whiskey in this case declared ultra vires.

* * *

But to continue—

The five informations charging illegal importation deal with the following alleged shipments: Six hundred cases of liquor on November 4; one carload from Montreal, marked for Mexico, on November 12; carload from Toronto (the Good,) marked for Mexico, on November 12; carload from Montreal, marked for Mexico, on November 26; carload from Montreal, December 4.

A lot of booze, that.

* * *

Since the above was printed the sad word comes that a hard hearted magistrate has fined Mr. Brooks one thousand plunks. This is tuff, damtuff.

* * *

"Cinderella," Stuart-Whyte's great pantomime production, plays a three-night return engagement at the Grand, commencing February 27. We are springing no press-agent stuff in making the statement that on their recent engagement several hundred people were turned away at the Saturday matinee and the house could have been sold out twice over at the evening performance.

* * *

Does this not give you a line on what the public wants in the line of public entertainment? The box office always is right. What the good old box office says is authoritative, and no Social Service League can still its small but [illegible] voice. "Cinderella" acted as a veritable stimulant to this rather gloomy community, cheering everybody up and sending them away happy. What more do you want? It was the best thing we have seen at the Grand in years and when the curtain rises on the night of the 27th we shall be there with bells on. All British, too. Mind that!

* * *

A man's head is like his pocketbook. It's not the outside appearance, but what it contains that counts.

At last we are going to have some real British pictures at the movies. Jule and Jay J. Allen, who may now quite properly be termed the photoplay magnates of Canada, have announced the formation of a new company, to be known as "British Films Ltd." They will import the very best photoplays produced in the old country. The importation of pictures made in the United States will be thus reduced by about twenty per cent.

* * *

The Allens are well known to all Calgarians, having, in fact, got their start here. Their picture house has always been regarded as the classiest in the city, its popularity being due not only to the quality of photoplays presented, but to the stress that is laid by the management on the value of orchestral accompaniment to the play's action. Joe Price, the well known Calgary newspaperman, who is looking after the Allen theatre these days, has the true managerial instinct and understands his public better than any movie manager we have yet had around this neck of the woods.

He agrees thoroughly with our contention that a picture play will fall flat without appropriate music and will meet sudden death if presented with no music at all. Joe further adds that "the movies" being essentially emotional, their presentation demands the deeper emotional adjunct of music to put them over. Which is sound and simple reasoning.

* * *

Calgary is to have another Stampede, known as the Grand Victory Stampede, in September next. It will be financed by P. Burns, Archie McLean, A. E. Cross and George Lane. E. L. Richardson, manager of the Calgary Exhibition, will manage the Stampede without remuneration.

* * *

The proceeds of the Grand Victory Stampede will be used in providing for children who have lost their fathers in the war and also for some other soldier fund to be decided upon later. The Rotary Club, which has always been active in good works of this kind, will probably be invited to act as trustees to the Soldiers' Children Fund.

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"Stetson's" smart shapes in Men's Felt Hats—Out they go at	$5.95	Men's Winter Caps, all values, with Ear Flaps, all values to $1.75. Go at, each	95c	Men's Winter Caps—all values to $3.00, with ear flaps, Go at	$1.35
Men's Fur Caps, Marmot, Jockey style, regular $9.50, for	$6.95	Men's Persian Lamb Wedge, reg. $8.50 At	$5.75	Men's Fur Collars, "Coon," reg. $11.50. The final cut To	$7.75
Men's Fur Gauntlets, Black Dog, reg. $7.50, go at	$5.75	Men's Brown Wool Gloves, reg. $1.00, go at, per pair	55c	Men's Wool Gloves, heavy brown, reg. $1.25, go at, per pair	75c

Men's Heavy Rib Combinations, regular $3.50—all sizes. Per suit $1.95

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